

# Mapple Marry.

*'17 Halloween prompt  
challenge - VI*

**delibell**

## **Mapple Marry. by [delibell](#)**

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**Summary:**

Stan confesses his feelings but Richie ruins everything.

## **Mapple Marry.**

### **Author's Note:**

this is written for @superwolfiestar 's “Beauty and the Beast Halloween prompt challenge”! this is day 10 and prompt haunted mansion. Also, I used @horrificmemes

31 Horrific Days v2 [October Writing Challenge] ! same day, prompt growling. i am apart of the stan uris deserves love tooTM

There are several places in Derry that spike fear into children and adults alike: deep forest spots that seep with dazing scents, where trees are so high they block the sun, waters, overflowing and so powerful that only God knows where they would take one if that one was so unlucky to get sucked in, abandoned buildings as old as Derry itself, or random places of killings riddled with ghost stories that only younger half of the population actually believe. 29 Neilbolt Street is one of those locations, and one you and the Losers are now accustomed to very well, and the other is a house down Maple road, a large abandoned brick building with wines growing through its windows like pretty flowers in spring.

“—That’s bullshit. There’s no way Maple Merry is haunted.” Eddie mumbles into his cereal; the lights of late Fall morning shine through the window. A couple of brown and yellow leaves dance in the chilly wind. Eddie’s house is mostly quiet, only his mother is watching the morning program on the TV in the living room, while you, Stan and Eddie eat in sleepy silence. Richie is still snoring upstairs. No one dared to wake him. Mostly because no one wanted to deal with his whining.

“Oh?” You raise a brow, digging your spoon into the bowl and scooping, “You mean just like your gazebos?” Eddie’s cheeks grow bright red and you can’t contain a cheeky smile.

“Even if it is haunted,” Stan intervenes, “don’t you think it’s...

enough? I-I mean, after..." His voice grows weak as memories surface. The cheery moods dims and the three of you fall quiet. Suddenly, even the delicious sugar coated flakes don't taste just as sweet as they did a moment ago; it all spins in a whirlpool of fear and tension that's easy to drown in.

It feels uncomfortable. Stiff. You shift in your seat and fix a smile, one that's a bit strained but genuine, "What's done is done. That thing is long gone..." You trail off, recalling bits and pieces of the nightmares you had had each and every night since IT's, presumably, death. "And if it's not..." You take a long hard look at the scar engraved in your palm, barely months old, "We know what to do. So cheer up, idiots!" By raising the volume you hope to shake off the gloom from them and it works. They both give you a somewhat annoyed, but grateful grin before continuing eating, "But! I still think we should go to Maple Marry." You state, "I mean...its tradition..." You shake your head as if to emphasize, "Like, *hello! Halloween!*"

Eddie is still uncertain. His eyes flow over your head and onto the wall separating where he sits and where his mother is. If you know him well enough by now, and you do, you know that he's worried she'll overhear the conversation. Thankfully, Richie enters the kitchen. In pajamas with messy hair and his glasses crooked on his nose, Richie mumbles, "Sup, dick wiggler." He shoots you a look before taking a seat next to Eddie, "And you, (Name)." You roll your eyes with a snort and continue eating. Richie swoops in and steals Eddie's bowl.

"Hey! Get your own!" Eddie complains and soon bickering starts. It's fun to follow them throwing punches at each other but too soon you get bored and glance at Stan, fully intending on asking what he's up to. Once you do, you see him already staring at you with an unreadable look, and when your eyes meet he hurriedly looks away and clears his throat. With a soft smile, one that's mostly unnoticeable, you lean in.

"What do you think?"

"A-About what?"

"Maple Marry!" You reply in a hushed voice, "C'mon...IT's gone..."

There is no way anything there can be scarier than IT.”

~\*~

The night is cold and wet and it pours with rain. Maple Marry – named after the ghost that supposedly haunts the mansions halls – looms with wines and sweet briar poking out’s its cracked corners like small ornate decorations. The four of you stand by the metal gate that creaks and croaks from the light breeze, wearing bright orange and yellow trench coats that do little to shield from the unyielding rain.

Stan had agreed to come as soon as you asked him, mumbling something about *‘If you really want to...’*. Richie had said that *‘He has nothing better to do’*, and also came along. Eddie was harder to convince, but after Richie calling him a pussy every two to three seconds he finally caved in and agreed. Mike apologized – family business, he said. Beverly moved away, so there was no way you could reach her in time for Friday. Ben was visiting his cousins, out of town. And Bill... You had gently invited him to come along, but he had said nothing. You felt bad for even suggesting it to him. After all, he lost a brother. It was too soon to venture into danger for him, and you understood that.

The four of you slowly made your way to the entrance, careful not to slip on mud. You are finally able to take off your hoods once you’re by the door; a balcony above acts as a roof, though it’s leaky. You take out a flashlight from your inner pocket, hit it a few times with your palm and in a series it flickers it begins to shine a blinding white light. Eddie does the same, mumbling something all the while but the drumming of rain is too loud for you to hear him clearly.

“Ladies first!” Richie exclaims, pointing at the door.

“Gentlemen without a line!” You fire back annoyed; Richie grins.

“Oh, what’s the matter, (Name)? Ready to back out already?”

“For fuck’s sake, Richie, leave her alone.” Stan comments, passing the both of you and opening the door with a harsh yank. He pales a bit. Neither one of you expected it to be open, really. Alarmed he looks

back at the three of you. You all give him a curt nod, “Fuc-...*Fine*.” And he enters first.

You follow. Then Eddie. Lastly Richie trails behind and closes the door. It all falls quiet; the drum is diluted and soft and almost comforting. The floorboards creak under your feet tiredly, drops of cold water leak down your leg and coat and *tap tap tap* onto the ground. You shine the light in awe: it lands on an grand staircase, old dirty portraits and empty walls with peeling paint. A stench of mold tickles your nose and you scowl. There may or may not be a dead rat somewhere, here.

“C-Can we go now?” Eddie asks, staring at a portrait of a woman with half of her face hidden with rot.

“Why?” Richie inquires, “She’s hot. Do you think that’s Mary?”

“Who else would it be?” You ask. Richie grins.

“--The chick that will blow me. Am I right boys?!”

You ditch Eddie and Richie and go up to the second floor with Stan. Well, it’s more like Richie drags Eddie away to look for the ghost whilst the latter mumbles ‘*No, Richie, no, no ghosts, no*’-and so on and so forth. So you and Stan go to explore the bedrooms. Honestly, you thought it would be more interesting: so far it seems like an old abandoned house with occasional eye catching graffiti. Most of the stuff is broken, glass shards glimmer by your feet and you’re pretty sure a homeless person might attack you at any given moment.

But it’s nice. Nice being with Stan, alone. He walks close to you, making sure you’re not left behind as you stop to admire an interesting detail of the house. Your shoulders brush occasionally. Your coats make a *swish swish* sound. It’s not as scary being close to him, either.

“Hey, (Name).” Stan calls for your attention and you perk up, “I never got to say this, but...I’m sorry. For...For bringing you into this mess. I mean, if it wasn’t for me taking you to the quarry—“

“I wouldn’t have the best friends in the world.” You cut him off, “And

I wouldn't know you, either." You add a tad quieter. Stan looks away, "Oh!" You recall suddenly, "You never did tell me what you wanted that day. Richie sort-of—"

"Called you a 'hot babe' and started pestering you? Yeah, I remember."

You stop next to a closed door. The hallway is luminous- the rain creates a strange blue glow that wraps around his pale completion and curly hair. You point the flashlight to the ground. Memories of the start of summer flood back like a stream of clear water. All the good that came before the bad. Then the bad. Lastly the good, again. The promise engraved into your flesh reminds you of the dangers lurking in the dark, even if they aren't set to come out yet. A blanket of fear hugs your shoulders and you inch away from the door almost unconsciously in fear that someone, or *something*, might get you. Perhaps Stan notices the change in mood; perhaps he simply acts on instinct. He takes your free hand and intertwines his fingers with yours. A sudden heat wave crashes on you, dyeing your cheeks red. Your heart makes a pleasant jump and your hand tingles. You gulp, gazing up at his ghostly brown eyes.

"I'm not sure if this is the right time, but..." Nervously he glances out the window, then looks back at you, "But, *uhm*, I-that day at the quarry, I wanted to tell you that I...*Like you*. That I like you, (Name)."

"I CAN'T BELIEVE STAN IS GOING TO GET LAID BEFORE I DO!" Richie exclaims, and the both of you snap your heads to the entrance of the hallway where the said boy stands with a wicked grin, and Eddie sighs by his side. "You go, Stan the Man!"

"Seriously, dude?" Stan growls.

"**Ugh**, you fucker, you ruin *EVERYTHING!*" Out of sheer frustration you throw your flashlight at Richie but he skillfully ducks and avoids the attack. He must've learned a lot from the Rock War.

"C'mon, Eds, let's leave these two loooooooooove birds alone to make their nest." He nudges the shorter boy. Eddie gives the two of you an apologetic look, "Oh, and, make sure to use—"

“GET OUT!”

Eddie thankfully drags him off. You huff, your cheeks burn from embarrassment and you feel like committing a murder. With a deep breath you release the frustration and try to go back to the previous topic and it makes you squirm. Unsure of how to control the butterflies in your stomach, you squeeze his hand gently and he squeezes back. Looking up at him, you figure you have to give him an answer and something along the lines of ‘*I like you, too*’ forms in your mind, but what you say is, “Should’ve told me sooner.” You smile shyly, “Could’ve taken me to the carnival.”

“There’s always next year if...If you still want to go.” He says hopeful. Grinning, you nod. Inspired by your answer, he smiles too, leans in and pecks you on the cheek.

“U-Uhm, Stan?”

“Y-Yeah?”

You bring a finger to your lips and tap a few times, “My lips are here.”